



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# A WOMAN SITS IN THE TWILIGHT

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

Why does this twilight remember you,  
The calm grey twilight of my calm grey land?  
Why does the quick wind call your name?  
How do the hours know the time you came?  
How can my twilight thrill with the touch of your hand?

*This is the time;  
This is the end of day.  
This is the hour that comes  
In the same way.*

*The owl stirs in its trance;  
The moon is a withered flower;  
The bat starts from the eaves;  
This is the appointed hour.*

Let me be free . . .  
You are one with twilights that drop strangely  
In dusky petals over a blue, blue sea,  
Where time is like the shadow of far ships going  
No one knows where,  
And there is no knowing  
If happiness is wise . . .  
And none to care.  
Only the old, old eyes  
Of stars that watch unwearyingly  
Twilight and night and lovers by that sea . . .

Why do you trouble my twilight from far lands,  
My still, grey twilight?  
Why do you claim me so with shadowy hands?  
I have made my eyes calm  
And my heart dumb,  
And my lips smile . . .  
Why do you come?

*This is the time;  
It is past the sun's setting.  
Here or far away  
There is no forgetting.*

*The moon is a broken flower  
That the old day cast.  
This is the appointed hour  
Till love is past.*

## TO A STRANGER

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

When I see your beauty the beasts in me lie down,  
And I know the good man that I might have been.  
To watch you is more cleansing than clear sunsets,  
And more regretful than the deeds that I have done.  
If memory could only keep me perfect,  
And not fade out to leave me with myself!  
With all my altars ashes and my gods asleep,  
You with your marvellous sad infinite beauty  
Make me kneel down and know what life could be—  
Unhurtfulness and worship and sure trust.  
But I have missed you in the passing of the ships,  
And as a stranger only watch you pass.  
Yet, seeing you tonight in your great beauty,  
I shall dream calmly of a clear green sky  
Filled with wild white swans flying, flying over,  
Against the hardly-visible, wide-swarming stars.